98.

No. CLXI.

FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE;

AN ORIGINAL DRAMATIC STORY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c., &c.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES.

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BY

JOHN BROUGHAM, COMEDIAN.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Six, by JOHN BROUGHAM, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

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SAMUEL FRENCH,
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Costumes.—(ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE.)

LINDORFF—1st. Green Hunting-dress: 2d. Amber Tunic, trimmed with Fur.

ROLAND—Blue Tunic, Gray Tights, Yellow Boots.

HERMANN—Green Hunting-dress.

OTTO— Ditto.

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KATRINA—White Skirt, barred with Silk, and edged Black, Black Bodice, and Fancy Apron.

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Roland, - - - - - - - -	Mr. Duncan.
Krabb, - - - - - - - -	Mr. Hale.
Otto, - - - - - - - -	Mr. Denham.
Eva, - - - - - - - -	Mrs. T. S. Nimm.
Bertha, - - - - - - - -	Miss Kate Reynolds.
Lady Ida, - - - - - - -	Miss F. Denham.
Katrina, - - - - - - - -	Mrs. Hale.

Lords, Ladies, Huntsmen, &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left of Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Chief Huntsman's Chamber in the Castle of* COUNT LINDORF—*window at back, with flowers, &c., &c.* OTTO *and other huntsmen discovered.*

Enter HERMANN.

Her. Let your spurs rest, good friends, the wind has changed
Already, and the eager hounds re-kennelled,
The steeds new stabled,—we don't hunt to-day!
Though scarce an hour has passed, since in hot haste
His lordship's page, my malapert young son,
Brought urgent message to have all prepared.
The order now is, we equip for hawking,
So get thy birds, good Otto.

Otto. That I will,
And with a lighter heart, for 'tis a sport
I much prefer, to making of my flesh
Ensanguined sheathes for master boar's sharp tusks. [*Exit* OTTO.

Her. I marvel much what variable storm
Of circumstance or passion, good or ill,
Enforces thus the vane of my lord's mind
To veer about so quickly; to no point
Of predetermination has it held,
And marked the issue, for this many a day.
It cannot be caprice or thoughtlessness—
Too well I know his frank and manly nature.
Something hath happed beyond the petty ills
That cloud life's spring-time, for although he strives,
And with success, to hide from common eyes
External trace of that which works within,
It is to me, who have his looks by heart,
Plain as the figures that record the change
From hour to hour upon the dial's face. [*Retires up.*

Enter OTTO *with hoop of falcons, &c.*

Otto. Poor hooded wretch, I'm just as blind as thou,
And know as little what my fate will be

When this poor coward heart is goaded on
To dash at my love-quarry. Oh, dear Eva!
Oh! thou most gentle dove, that such sweet death
Doth deal upon me that I love the slayer.
Her. Why, Otto, lad, what comfort do you find
In this bird converse. Haply you believe
The ancient doctrine, that the souls of men
New lodging find within their slender ribs.
Otto. Indeed, good Hermann, I am not so wise,
I simply think, that—now to break the ice—
I—I—love your daughter!
Her. Faith, you shot your bolt
Right suddenly, friend Otto.
Otto. Better thus,
Than dally with it, till I lost my aim.
But how is this, I feared a storm?
Her. Why should you?
If I am not deceived, you'll bring my child
The richest dower I could wish—an honest heart.
Have you told her so bluntly of your flame?
As rhymsters call it.
Otto. No! good gracious! no!
The very thought now sets me shivering,
Like a poor hound that spies the coming lash.
Her. Tush! would you starve to death, the food in sight,
For lack of courage to ask—May I eat?
Otto. Were I invited even by a glance,
'Twould be sufficient. But her coldness freezes
All but the fiery love that 's surging here
Like an unquiet Etna! Oh, good Hermann!
Dear father—as my heart now yearns to call thee—
Would *you* but find from her what hope I have?
Her. Nay—I'll not promise that. I cannot spy
Into my daughter's heart, enough to know
'Tis innocent and pure, and as I think
Untenanted by any thought of love.
An open page, if you have but the wit
To write your name on it and make it thine.
And lucky he who can accomplish this—
No paltry treasure would be Bertha's love.
Otto. I dream not of her—
Bertha! not Bertha! 'Tis Eva that I love—
Her. Presumptuous fool
How dare you lift your thoughts to such a height?
Otto. To such a height—why is *she* not thy child
As well?
Her. Yes, yes—but she can ne'er be yours
Dismiss her from your mind at once, nor change
A friend into a foe. No matter why!
Breathe not a syllable of this again. [*Horn.*

The Count awaits thee—be advised and dream
No more of Eva! leave me—leave me now!
Otto. By Cupid, I will strive now I've begun,
They say a battle 's never lost till won. [*Exit* Otto
Her. The curse, the clinging curse of early crime,
Though long repented, will enshroud me ever.
She comes, the wronged, and yet most loving one—
Did she but know what cause she has for hate—
But 'tis such full, though maddening joy, to see
That stately presence, fated to command,
Enforced to beautify my abject home—
The guilty secret must lie buried here!

Enter Eva.

Her. My daughter!
Eva. Dear, dear father, you are sad—
I have not angered you?
Her. Beloved! no!
Who could be sad that owned the privilege
To look into those eyes?
Eva. The privilege!
'Tis a strange word to speak to me, my father;
Have I done aught could cause a doubt to rise
Within your heart that I'm not all thy child?
Ungrateful were I, did I not pay back
Your too much care and love with true devotion.
Her. Sweet Eva, you are all, and more than all
A father could desire. Ah! might I hope
To balance your deserving with my own,
Heaven were already reached.
Eva. You wrong yourself,
Dear father, in o'erpraising me. Whate'er
Of good to me belongs, you first implanted,
Tenderly nurtured in its early growth,
And watched with ceaseless care. The flower's bloom
Is but assurance of the gardener's toil.

Enter Otto.

Otto. Good Master Hermann, you are waited for.
Her. I come. Dear Eva, if the certainty
Of my abundant love can bring thee joy,
Be happy. Otto, have a care; remember
What I told you. *Exit.*
Otto. Oh! good gracious, yes;
How beautiful she looks. I'm drinking poison
With every mouthful of the air she breathes.
And yet, like an infatuated bird,
I linger near the lovely snake. I'll ask
Her how she is, there can't be harm in that.

Ahem! Miss Eva—gracious, there's an eye;
I think I'll wait.
Eva. What is it, Otto?
Otto. [*Making an effort.*] Nothing! [*Rushes out—(horn.)*
Eva. [*At window.*] They're coming forth, it is a glorious sight,
And one I love to look upon, the show
Of gallant horsemen.

Enter BERTHA.

Bertha. Sister, there you are,
And looking at these useless articles
Of household furniture, the men; for shame!
Had I been caught so, you'd have rated soundly.
Eva. You wrong me, Bertha. I but tend upon
My favorite flowers.
Bertha. Which droop for lack of care.
Look in my face, Eva, I have found you out.
Nay, never hang your head and blush. I say 't again,
I've found you out—you are in love! Now, not a word,
For I am sure of it, so don't deny it.
Eva. I can but laugh.
Bertha. You can't; no use to try.
That's not a laugh, you're heart won't side with you
In the fib—aye, fib! for now, I'm more assured
That I am right. Those cheeks are your accusers,
Those eyes the counsellors that plead against you.
[EVA *droops her head,* BERTHA *changes her manner to seriousness.*
What? tears! Forgive me, sweet! you know for all the world,
I would not give you real pain.—There, there!
Dry up your tears and smile again. I'm sure
I almost wish I had been stricken dumb,
Ere my unruly tongue had uttered aught
To call a single sigh from you.
Eva. Dear sister, let me weep; for you have forced
The secret from me in my own despite.
A secret, which although I knew 'twas here
Locked up, yet dared not let that knowledge stray
Into my thought, but hoped that it would lie
Concealed, e'en where 'twas born and nurtured:
But no! for day by day it has increased,
'Till now, too vast to be enclosed within
The compass of my heart, it overflows,
And to my cheek and eyes bears those strong proofs
That I would fain conceal.
Bertha. And marry, why
Should you conceal it, I would like to know?
For my own part, and now I do not jest,
I think that *love,* good comfortable *love,*
In the scale of earth's blessings ranks so high,
That if all others were bestowed on me
And that denied, I would not care to live. [EVA *smiles.*

I'm glad I made you smile.—Hem! might I *know*
Who the unmannered person is, that gives
You such *unrest*—tell me, that I may *hate* him.
Do—there's a sweet—don't think that I shall blab,
You know I have discretion.
Eva. I cannot.
Bertha. Well, well, I will not press you. [*Aside.*] I shall die
If I don't discover who he is.
I'll find it out, or I'm no woman. [*Aloud.*] See,
Is not that young *Otto?* What has brought him back?
Eva. I know not.
Bertha. [*Aside.*] 'Tisn't he! I'm glad of that.
[*Aloud.*] Why, what's the matter? Some one's hurt.
Eva. Who?—who?
Bertha. [*Aside.*] He *is* amongst those huntsmen, past a doubt.
Eva. Who is't that's hurt?
Bertha. Methinks 'tis Hartzman. [*Aside.*] No.
[*Aloud.*] Or Karl, or Marcus—
It must be the Count. [*Partly aside.*]
Eva. [*With great agitation.*] He!
Bertha. It is the *Count.*
Eva. Oh! say not that.
Bertha. Ha! ha!
You little wit to make your tongue be still,
And not to bind your heart to secrecy,
That's mistress o'er your tongue. The Count—oh, Eva!
You have, indeed, a proper taste. The Count, [Eva *is affected.*
And why not he? Have we not often heard
How noble knights have matched beneath their rank,
And met with better dowry far than gold
Or birth could e'er bestow; e'en truth and love,
And both you're rich in; therefore, have a heart,
And do not droop.
Eva. Your sisterly affection doth o'erpraise
My poor desert. You have my secret, all,
Your wit has lured from me, and now I feel
Such shame as though a guilty fault
Were in my own despite against me proved.
Oh! be a generous victor, sister dear,
And keep imprisoned in your very soul
The knowledge you have won from me, nor let
Strange voices whisper that to common ears
Which my own tongue has never dared to breathe.
Bertha. I warrant me, you'll own that I am all
Discretion. See, where goes our brother Max.
How like he grows to me! D'ye know, in jest
I decked myself up in his page's gear
The other day, and made his very counterfeit.
[*Aside.*] Ha! a good thought—my little brain's at work.
[*Aloud.*] Remember now, my secrecy depends
Upon your cheerfulness; if you do not smile

And let your heart's content speak in your eyes,
I'll reveal all.

Eva. In mercy, sister, hide within your soul
That fatal secret. Think what depth of shame
'Twould be, if ever it should reach *his* ears.
What? *I*, the low-born daughter of a serf!
Such rash, such mad presumption! He, a Prince
'Mongst Princes. Blot it from your thought,
As though my folly ne'er had found a tongue.
The noblest among the noble.—It was false
That I told thee, Bertha, so pray heed it not.
A jest, a simple jest—for Heaven's grace
Believe it was a jest. Alas! I'm sick at heart. [*Exit* Eva.

Bertha. A jest! A riddle, rather, there's no need
Of sapient guessing on my part to solve.
If I err not, I've seen his Countship's eye
Glance stealthily at Eva more than once.
Max, with your help the certainty I'll prove
Of my surmise, or else dispel all doubt.
A Count! Why not a Count? In worth and beauty
She is a mate for any Count that lives.
Did not Sir Rollo in the ballad, wed
A village beauty? Just to give me heart
I'll sing that ballad now.

Who hath Sir Rollo's rest undone,
What richly dower'd dame?
The proudest she that ever shone
Sir Rollo's birth may claim.
Some star of high nobility
All other stars above
Some mighty Princess sure must be
Sir Rollo's ladye love.

No Princess did Sir Rollo wed,—
But from a lowly fate,
A simple village maiden led
To share his high estate.
Her dowry was more rich in sooth
Than wealth or lands could prove,
'Twas beauty, gentleness, and truth,
This was Sir Rollo's love.

Scene II.—*An Apartment in Baron Altenheim's.*

Enter Baron Altenheim *and* Lady Ida.

Baron A. Daughter! you know I am not one to cross.
If you would marry wealth, the rich Mynheer
Brings you the gain of a life's merchandize,
But if a noble name affect you more,
Your other suitor boasts of gentle blood
That has from age to age—from sire to son,
Crept on in noble indolence, unmixed

With the alloy of vulgar enterprise.
What would you have—on one side wealth
Makes full amends for humble lineage,
While on the other nobleness of name
Stands in the lieu of gold. How answer you?
Lady Ida. I am *your* daughter, sir, in more than name.
Fain would I yield obedience as I ought,
But somewhat I inherit here, forbids
Me tamely to endure an injury.
Baron A. Perverse one, is it not to 'vantage you
That I am anxious?
Lady Ida. So it may be, sir,
And I am grateful for it: but my heart is free,
If it must be sold, at least to choose the buyer.
Baron A. Do you not owe the duty of a child
Twice told, to me, your only parent now?
Be warned, and quickly make your own decision
Or I will make it for you,—and, mayhap,
If in the ill there be comparison,
I may not light upon the better one. [*Exii.*
Lady Ida. Why will my father thus for ever try
To goad me into disobedience?
I am not weary of a single life:
But how to baffle those untiring swains,
That will not take denial from my lips?
They will be here anon; yet no excuse
Have I at hand—in time Katrina comes—

Enter KATRINA.

Katrina, pity me!
Katrina. Why, bless me, what has happened?
Lady Ida. Oh, I am pestered past endurance
By those suitors, who, day after day come here
To seek my hand.
Katrina. Good gracious, is that all!
I thought some ill had fallen.
Lady Ida. Is not that
An ill?
Katrina. Not to my thinking, Madame.
Lady Ida. What?
Would you, Katrina, like to have your ears
Assailed by love speeches from morn to night?
Katrina. Were I compelled to speak my real thought,
I do believe, almost, I think I would.
Most people do like that they have a lack of.
Were you without a lover now, you'd jump
At the first—nor think a score too many.
Lady Ida. I will not argue that; suffice to say,
I do not like them.
Katrina. I can tell you why;

Because the right one has not shown his face.
Let him arrive, you'll change your note, I'll bet
My chance of a husband, though the wager's small.

Enter KRABB.

Krabb. Please you, my lady, the Chevalier Beaugargon.
You needn't hurry to receive him, for, to say the
Truth, he is, as it were, detained.

Lady Ida. How, pray?

Krabb. Marry, an unmerciful varlet, they do call Lumbago, has taken fast hold of his lordship's back. He said it had been a nibbling of his joints all the morning; but, as he stooped forward to dismount, egad it fairly bestrode his lordship, and no persuasion could dislodge it. 'Twas pitiful to see how he did grin with pain, and what a letter S he looked like. Marry, I did laugh prodigiously, but it was pitiful.

Katrina. Where is he now?

Krabb. Making his congée to the kitchen fire, where one is rubbing of his back most lustily. 'Tis curious to hear how he miscalls his aches, for ever as the fiend doth grip him, he groans out—"Oh! oh! these "growing pains, these cursed growing pains! Tell not your mistress "this, or she may think me not past boyhood yet—these growing pains "—oh! oh!"

Ida. Is't not enough to anger one to hear
Of this old dotard and his growing pains?
I will not be thus baited, Katrina.
Answer him as you may, but let me not
Be vexed by him.

Katrina. The merchant, too?

Ida. Aye, both!

Katrina. We have your warrant to do as we please.

Ida. E'en as you list, so I be not annoyed. [*Exit* IDA.

Katrina. Now, from this moment, I begin to live.
To cozen suitors is the vital air
Of confidantes.—Come hither, Krabb;
Why what hath printed such a lengthy page
Of gravity upon thy countenance?

Krabb. Truly I am in cogitation: indeed, I may say in abstruse reflection.

Katrina. Make me acquainted with your abstruseness.

Krabb. Mistress Katrina, it hath often struck me that your sensible human creature is the only animal that will complacently stalk into jeopardy. Dost think a politic rat, would, for the daintiest cheese-rind, peril his grave whiskers within the compass of a trap, knowing that same to be a place of tribulation? No! nor will your reflective mouse walk, open-eyed, into the jaws of Madam Puss, purr she ever so invitingly.

Katrina. To what does your argument tend?

Krabb. Marry! to this—that if your sensible rat eschew traps, and your mouse, Grimalkin's courtesy, I marvel much that *man*, the monopolizer of wit, will, unschooled by example, thrust his neck into the life-

yoke of matrimony. Now, here's old Lumbago, mercy o'me! he must come a wife-hunting, notwithstanding that Monsieur Sciatica has tapped him o' the shoulder, and whispered in his ear "Death's a-coming!" Not content with Mistress Lumbago's loving caresses, he must needs dip again in the lottery of plagues. There's the Mynheer, too—and there's young Karl—and Otto—and——

Katrina. Hold your profane tongue! Would you deny the blessing of honest love to all ages?

Krabb. That would I, to all sects, sexes, and ages! There would then be a deal of time profitably employed that's now all eaten up with sigh-pumping, and hair-twisting, and face-making, foolishly pitting earthly art against heavenly nature—not to mention days and nights devoured in the concocting of lame acrostics, where every letter of some innocent name stands like a shamefaced corporal heading an ill-conditioned line. Oh! 'tis a villainous misusing of our scant breath.

Katrina. How long has this been your religion? You must have had most sudden conversion, as 'twas only yesternoon you went down plump upon your knees and implored pity of me.

Krabb. Ah! that is mine own private matter. If I am unable to resist the temptation, it only argues your perfectness and my lack of philosophy.

Katrina. Well reasoned—and in the world's tone—condemn that in others you can find excuse for in yourself

Krabb. What say'st thou to a league against all comers? Your antique love-maker doth carry Cupid in his purse—a heavy weight for one infirm—'twere but a proper pity to relieve him of his load. Wilt, entertain it?

Katrina. Mercy doth become our nature—therefore—*yes!*

Krabb. Agreed. So thus let us make covenant. [*Kisses* KATRINA.] And now, kind fate, like bagpipes fill them with a mighty blast of love, that we may finger them to whatsoever tune we please.

[*Exeunt* KRABB *and* KATRINA.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Octagonal Chamber in* COUNT LINDORFF'S *Castle, hunting implements hung about the walls, large stag's head and antlers, &c., large open door in centre,* OTTO *and other Huntsmen pass across.*

Enter HERMANN, *who divests himself of Hawking gear, &c.*

Her. Away with you, and wait some other whim,
Though what it may be now, exceeds my thought,
Perhaps to man a ship and search for whales,
Those sudden changes have a touch of lunacy:
The hunt dismissed, or ever we had mounted,
The hawking stayed before a bird had risen,
The Count himself with sometimes a feigned show
Of reckless gaiety, in mad career,
At others, riding moodily alone,
His head sunk on his breast, there's something toward,
For once or twice he reined up by my side,

And seemed as though he fain would talk with me,
But lacked the courage; then with scornful laugh
Sped onward.—Ah! he comes: I marvel much
What mood is topmost now.

Enter COUNT LINDORFF *and* SIR ROLAND.

Count L. 'Tis ever thus,
The birds were all at fault.
Rol. They were, I know.
Count L. The hawking marred by their impatience only.
Rol. Marred, past all doubting.
Count L. I shall get rid of them, and find me better.
Her. My lord, you could not, search the country round,
Find hawks of purer blood, or better trained;
Sir Roland, here, who is good judge, can testify
My words are true.
Rol. Indeed, the birds *are* good.
Count L. But past their usefulness.
Rol. The hawks *are* old.
Her. Just the fit age, so please you, for their work,
My gracious lord.
Rol. I think so, to an hour.
Count L. Well, well, the day's unpromising?
Rol. 'Twill rain
Ere long.
Her. The sky don't own a cloud.
Rol. That's true,
But still——
Count L. The heat's oppressive.
Rol. 'Tis the very word
I would have spoken.
Her. There's a brisk air stirring.
Rol. Brisk and bracing; just the time to hunt.
Count L. I fancy not.
Rol. On second thoughts, nor I.
It is too——
Count L. Sultry.
Her. Chilly.
Rol. Both, in my opinion.
Count L. Ha! ha! that's scarcely a wise answer, Roland.
Rol. Well, it was foolish, now I think again.
Count L. Hermann, bid Max attend me here—no, stay,
Get me my fishing gear, the time's propitious
For that sport. [*Exit* HERMANN.
Rol. You could not find a better.
Count L. I'm glad I thought of that, 'twill occupy
My mind, at least.
Rol. It is a noble pastime.
Count L. And yet a barbarous.
Rol. Upon reflection, cruel

In the extreme.
Count L. And still we follow but the laws of evil,
Tempting through appetite, the means we use.
Hiding the barb within a dainty bait
Resembles, though in lesser sort, the thousand snares
Of pleasure, profit, fame, that the invisible
Soul-angler decks his greedy hook withal,
And few there are in this vast world of ours
Who, though with reason gifted, by experience warned,
Can yet withstand temptation's specious lure.
Rol. I am not one; my maxim is to take
Whatever chances on the road of life;
When the sun shines to bask within its beams:
And when it storms, to house me if I can.

Enter HERMANN.

Her. Your will's obeyed, my lord.
Count L. No matter now,
Good Hermann, I have changed my mind.
Her. Again?
Count L. I shall remain at home to-day.
Rol. And so shall I.
Count L. Let Max attend me.

Enter BERTHA, *as* PAGE.

Ber. He is here, my lord.
Count L. Retire awhile.
Ber. He knows me not, thank fortune.
Count L. How shall I rid me of this mindless shadow.
Roland, I have some business with my page
Of urgent moment.
Rol. Faith, I thought as much—
Go on, I pray, and take no heed of me.
Count L. 'Tis of a private nature.
Rol. So I judged—
Well, I can be as secret as a dog.
Count L. Hints pierce not his impenetrable hide,
I must e'en saddle his peculiar whim,
And let him ride it as I point the road.
Roland, you're looking ill to-day.
Rol. No wonder,
For I suffer much.
Count L. There is a tired expression
In your face.
Rol. That's it—fatigue is killing me.
Count L. You need repose.
Rol. I do.
Count L. An hour's sleep!
Rol. That 's just the thing I was about to do.
How strange that you should know my very thought;

But there 's a sympathy between true friends—
I think if you'll excuse me, I'll lie down
For an hour or so.
Count L. Pray, make yourself at home.
Rol. I will, and thank you for the privilege. [*Exit* ROLAND.
Count L. Alone! ah, what delight to be alone—
Yet not alone, for her sweet image,
So surpassing fair, fills up the vacant space
Heaven full, and peoples it with angel forms!
And she 's a serf—such beauty, grace, and virtue,
Wastefully lavished on a mean estate,
As would enrich the very loftiest—
Yet wherefore should I deem her humble birth
And low condition unsurmountable.
Snow-walls, around the citadel of pride,
That the first sun-burst of true love dissolves
How most unworthy is this captious doubt
And coward hesitation; what to me
The shrugs and whispers, or the mocking taunts
Of mere rank-worshippers? they can but tread
The outer margin of that mystic circle
A union of congenial souls draws round
The life of life.—I am resolved—ho! Max!
Come hither, boy—now sinks my heart again,
For pride has donned once more its iron armor,
Weighing it down. Am I deceived or not?
Do I interpret rightly what my soul
Alone has spoken? I had best be sure—
Or worse than all, should she contemn the gift
That I would proffer!—or has she bestowed
The treasure of her love on some mean hind!
That thought is torture! [*Sees* MAX] Ha! what sent you here?
What have you overheard?
Bertha. Nothing, my lord,
That I can understand.
Count L. Thine 's a shrewd wit, I know.
Bertha. Your lordship's pleased
To over compliment your humble servant.
Truly, I make the little sense I have
Stretch out as far as it will safely go,
Always within the limit of my duty.
If ever I have been too sharp of tongue,
I pray your lordship pardon me, for now
I lack the heart to fashion my rough words,
To any point beyond pure melancholy.
Count L. Why what a dark and sudden cloud is here—
This gloom is hardly real, for your eyes
And tongue have made an interchange of duty—
The one speaks tears, at which the others laugh.
Bertha. Which plainly shows that each bewildered sense,
Scarce knows its proper channel. My poor sister!

Count L. What has befallen *her?*
Bertha. My lord, I've *two!*
Count L. Yes—yes, I know, go on—which sister, boy?
Bertha. Sweet pensive Eva.
Count L. Is she ill?
Bertha. At heart—
My lord, to say the truth, I do believe
The lackwit hath permitted love to steal
Her smiles away.
Count L. Why guess you thus?
Bertha. In sooth,
From the report of mine own observation—
Why does she keep herself close prisoner
Within her chamber, letting none come near?
Except, that, having not the company
She most desires, she fain would sigh alone?
Again, why does she eat so little, and speak less,
Are they not signs of this most dire complaint?
Why prides she not in her attire, as once?
A fatal symptom in a pretty maid.
Why does she take no heed of circumstance,
But live a sort of temporary life,
As though her heart had in her own despite
Played truant, and she little recked to have
The wanderer back? oh, I'm a very dunce
Or this is love, stark love, most foolish love.
Count L. Who is the object, know you, that has wrought
This sudden change?
Bertha. I know him but by guess—
A man of fair repute.
Count A. How is he called?
Bertha. Of goodly substance; aye, and comely, too.
He is a huntsman in your lordship's train.
Count A. A huntsman!
Bertha. [*Aside.*] If there be the smallest spark
Alive, it shan't expire for want of fuel.
Count A. Does she encourage his presumption!
Bertha. Wherefore not?
Surely, your lordship would not interpose
To mar the happiness of two young hearts?
Oh! 'twould be cruelty.
Count A. She loves him, then?
Bertha. As surely as I hope to be a *man!*
So surely do I think she doats on him.
If this *be* so, my lord, you'll not refuse
Your sanction to my sister's choice? For tho'
She is as far above him in desert
As she excels in beauty, is it not
A nobler act to raise than to pull down?
Count A. It shall not be. I do forbid this hind

To wed thy sister. She should look higher far
Than this fool, Otto. [BERTHA *starts*
Guessed I not the name!
Bertha. No, no,
My lord, not Otto. Oh! what have I done?
As I do live, my noble lord, thou'rt wrong.
Count A. How now?—what means this agitation, boy?
Bertha. Simply, my lord, the fear of your displeasure
Alighting, where 'tis not deserved—on Otto's head.
Count A. Thou'rt not to blame—'tis I that am distraught,
Fooled by a shadow of mine own conceit.
Bertha. [*Aside.*] Now, Master Cupid, that I've help'd thee o'er
The barrier Pride placed within his heart
To stop thy entrance—make thy footing sure.
Count A. It must be so—there is no other way
To warp my soul from this untoward love.
[*Sits and writes—speaking at intervals.*
I cannot offer her an untouched heart—
'Twill be a toil to render the affection
Due to a wife—yet *will* I toil, and thus
Rub out the traces of my disappointment
By continued action;—there, the die is cast.
See this delivered, Max, and bring me here
The answer. If it be propitious—I—
Away at once, or else my mind may change. [*Exit.*
Bertha. That will I, as I know full well for whom
'Tis penned; dear sister, for thy sake I kiss
This tell-tale writing—What's this?—Not to *her*?
Addressed, not to my sister! How came it thus?
"To the Lady Ida of Altenheim."
And *I* have done this—*I* have turned the stream
Of his true love into another channel!
What's to be done? I needs must take this thing,
The which if she, with kindness, do receive
(And who would not?)—my sister is undone.
Oh! woman's wit, assist me with a way
To right this fault—I'll ne'er tempt fate again! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Apartment at Baron Altenheim's.*

Enter KATRINA *and* KRABB, *meeting.*

Krabb. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha! I must laugh—he's coming—his lumbagoed lordship is coming—in most constrained straightness. There's a goodly strife for precedence 'twixt his back and chin.—Pride supports the one, Sciatica the other;—'twill take a good strong *former* to keep the *latter* down. Now for our vocation.

Enter CHEVALIER BEAUGARÇON.

Chev. B. Ha! ye satellites of that most glorious orb,
Fixed star of my affections—central sun

Of my revolving tnoughts, give ye good day.

Katrina. We give you thanks, good sir. [BEAUGARGON *gives money to her.*]—Sweet sir?

Krabb. Young sir!

Katrina. We did but just now praise to our lady your fine stateliness of form.

Krabb. I gave my mistress to know with what youthful ardor you galloped into the courtyard, and with what a graceful ease you did dismount.

Chev. B. Truly, I bear my years with curious grace
You'd scarcely guess how very old I am
By mere chronology; but here's the dial
Marks a man's real age—the youthful heart
That wrinkles not,—mine is a boy's, a child's.

Krabb. [*Aside.*] Yes, of the second growth.

Chev. B. Look at this hand—
There's steadiness of nerve.—It shakes a little
Now: I'll tell you why—between ourselves:
With some young bloods I held carouse last night
Until the morning shamed us to our beds.
Just kissed my pillow, and then out again;
My common habit, yet it nothing hurts me.
Mark you the value of *your* middle age,
When to good training joined, and buoyant health
I live through that would kill a score of youngsters,
I see them day by day drop thickly round
Like unripe fruit, weak-stemmed and immature,
Sinking beneath the shower that makes us stronger.
But tell me—have I hope in this my suit?
What says your mistress? Speaks she of me?

Katrina. Yes, sir.

Chev. B. Often?

Krabb. Very often

Chev. B. In strong terms?

Krabb. Strong.

Chev. B. I'd have it so. I cannot be content,
As others are, with small amount of love.
I would be *doated* on.—Dost think she doats?

Krabb. Not yet—not yet—but *thou* dost, Old Time in
A pinafore.

Katrina. [*Aside to* KRABB.] You'll anger him, and we shall lose by that.

Krabb. [*To her.*] Bless you, he hears me not—it takes a sturdy sound to batter at his ear-porch and get in—age has clapped a sentinel there to drive away whispers.

Chev. B. Where lingers now the sunshine of my soul?
Must the dark shadow of her chamber door,
Eclipsing her bright image, interpose
Its envious bar to my adoring eyes.

Katrina. Sir, in plain speaking, that it must, it is,

As you perceive, an unbecoming day, therefore
My mistress will not tempt *comparison.*
Chev. B. Left she no gracious message, or love-speech
Ambiguously to be delivered!
Krabb. Yes; this is for thine own ear—she did say, that truly
She doth affect thee greatly—but having another suitor
To wit, the Dutch Mynheer.
Chev. B. He? an old dotard!
Krabb. Her very words.
Chev. B. Did she say so? He doth deserve the name,
And richly too; how dare the fool presume
To come a suitoring? He's old, *too* old.
Krabb. Truly he *hath* experience, and comes a-wooing
In the properest way to win: he gave us
Twenty crowns to cozen thee.
Chev. B. Dishonest varlet! undermining rogue!
I'll give you forty if you cozen him.
Krabb. Ought we to take this, Katrina?
Katrina. 'Tis doubtful, Krabb.
Krabb. 'Tis to do our lady a kindness, so we'll not refuse.
Chev. B. Thou'lt promise that he shall be cozened?
Krabb. Most diligently; we ne'er take payment for a thing
And do it not.
Katrina. I hope we have more honor.
Chev. B. Good! good! How I shall laugh when he doth find
I have outbidden him. Ha! ha!—oh! oh! these growing pains.
They do so seize me o' the sudden.
Krabb. And as I live, this way the merchant comes.
Chev. B. Does he? I'm glad on't—now will I revenge
My wrongs upon my rival's head.
Katrina. No, no!
Not for the world, I pray thee leave us now;
For did my lady aught of brawling hear
'Twould end all hope.
Chev. B. Nay, let me have a bout
With him, at carte and tierce; methinks, I could
Enfranchise his presumptuous soul, for I
Am skill'd in fence, and all my youthful blood
Fires at the thought.
Krabb. Nay, nay, put up thy sword—it would be a pity to
Sully it with his poor
Puddle blood. There, be advised and go—
'Tis for thy advantage.
Chev. B. Nay, but a pass or two!
Krabb. Not one.
Restrain thy impetuous ardor—take counsel and go.
Chev. B. I'll slay him in the very street.
[KATRINA *and* KRABB *hustle off* BEAUGARÇON
Krabb. Do, do—if you can catch him,
Most courageous Sciatica—ha! ha! Now for the merchant.

Enier MYNHEER VON GROSHEN.

Myn. Ha! ha! my little Krabb, how dost'ee, lad?
Come, tell me the news, and if there's any hope.
How fares my lady-bird? Did you deliver,
In due form, my last consignment to her?
How did she receive it?—and what answer
Made she? Has that attenuated scrap
Of monkeyfied humanity, my Lord Parleyvoo,
Been here, with apish tricks
And foolish words, to give her a distaste
For anything past forty? Answer quickly,
And *truly* too, or else I'll cudgel thee.
Krabb. I will essay, tho' 'tis no easy task
To give a true response to every item.
First, I think you asked about my health—
Truly, of late, that hath been precarious,
And there are many reasons—first——
Myn. Zounds! I don't want to know about *your* health.
Krabb. You asked—by Katrina I'll be judged.
Besides, sir, you did promise me a taste
Of your Dutch cudgel, answered I not truly.
And, sooth to say, I am not overpartial
To the flavor on't—but for your next
Inquiry—you would know how fares my lady,—
Upon the best with slender appetite
Then for your love epistle—that, be sure,
Most confidentially I did deliver.
Katrina. And I can tell you, sir, 'twas gently used,
For, with her own fair hand, she did divide
The sheet into a number of small squares,
Each several one of which did soon
A lock of her bright hair imprison;
So you may safely say unto yourself
With an allowable exaggeration,
Your loving letter turned the lady's head.
Myn. But I intended it should touch her heart,
Not ornament the outside of her head.
Katrina. You call yourself a *lover*, and talk so?
Think what it is, to even have the scrap
Of senseless paper you have writ upon,
Grasping her lovely hair, and pressing 'gainst
Her marble forehead as she lies in sleep!
If thou wert really a lover, such
A thought would be thy food for many a week.
Myn Oh! but I yearn for more substantial fare,
Nor will I be put off at second hand.
By yea and nay, I care not who doth know it,
I covet such caresses for myself.
What care I for the letter, once 'tis read!
Have you no answer for me?

Katrina. Insatiate individual, what would you have?
Did she not put thy letter to good use?
Thus telling thee, as plainly as signs speak,
To draw a great encouragement therefrom?
Myn. I cannot dive so far into conclusions,
Converse in signs, or take advice from hints:
I am a plain man, plain in my speech, and want
Plain answering. Say, can I see your lady?
Krabb. No.
The outworks are not carried, yet you'd storm
The very citadel.
Myn. Riddles again! What mean you now?
Krabb. The Chevalier Beaugarçon has been here.
Myn. Well?
Krabb. He knows the *proper* way to woo,
His money sticks not in his purse.
Myn. Ho! ho! he's bribed you.
Krabb. He's purchased our alliance—that's the way
To put it, sir. Your true diplomatist,
If he cannot procure co-operation,
Takes special care to buy neutrality;
And, for forty crowns, we both stand pledged
To have deaf ear to any name but his.
Myn. The cozening knave, the circumventing shrimp!
I am not fond of laying out, but I
Will give you twice forty if you'll promise me
The Chevalier shall be fobbed off himself.
Krabb. Would it be honest, think you, sir, in us,
Having already taken earnest of
The Chevalier's liberality, to let
Vile lucre tempt us?
Myn. Why, it was worse in him
To try to win by such dishonest means.
Krabb. That has subdued us, sir, we're yours.
Myn. Then here, [*Gives purse*] thou wilt be sure.
Krabb. I have a conscience, sir;
No man shall ever say of me, I took
His money, and yet earned it not.
Kat. Was not that
My lady? Yes, I'm sure it was, and in
Ill-humor—I'll swear by her voice.
Don't let her see you in this ruffled mood,
Or it might jeopardize your suit.
Myn. Why not?
Krabb. Pray, sir, begone; you know not what a chance
You throw away by thus remaining.
Myn. But——
Katrina. Don't stay to argue. Be advised
And go.
Myn. I don't hear her coming.
Katrina. Mercy on us!

There!—did'st not hear that?
Myn. Not I, i' faith.
Krabb. Hush!
Not so loud. Come on the morrow.
Myn. Zounds!
Katrina. If she hears you swear, you're lost.
Krabb. We must
E'en gently force you out, since it is for
Your ultimate advantage.
[KATRINA *and* KRABB *hurry him off, then return laughing.*
Krabb. This love making is a sad expensive trade, Katrina.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Same as Act I. Scene I.*

Enter BERTHA *with letter.*

Bertha. Oh! thou unlucky and pernicious scrap;
Oh! thou most pestilent and senseless atom,
That with a goose quill scratched, has now become
A thing of doom, and most unlucky I,
That cannot tell the fate lies hidden here.
The worst is I must take it, or the blame
And heavy punishment will fall on thee,
My innocent brother. Would I had never thought
To help the fortune, which I have but marred
By my untimely interference. [*Noise without.*
What tumult's this? some accident has fallen
Alas! it is my father, borne along
Bleeding and hurt, and yet I dare not meet him,
While thus attired. [*Exit into room.*

Enter EVA *meeting* OTTO.

Eva. Good Otto, whence these cries?
Otto. Dear Mistress Eva, pray be not alarmed,
I hurried on before; oh! would some other tongue
Than mine were here to tell the rest—I cannot.
Eva. Speak! what has happened? Words cannot be worse
Than the dumb terror printed on your face.
Otto. Our good friend Hermann.
Eva. Ah! my father—killed!
Otto. Kind Heaven forbid! No, greatly bruised at most,
Flung from a restive horse that he would back,
To tame his fiery spirit ere the Count
Bestrode him, and for this devotedness
Is paid with aching bones. [HERMANN *assisted in.*
Eva. My dear, dear father!
Speak to me, speak!—oh! this is terrible!
His eyes are dimmed, his hands are icy cold,

He scarcely breathes : has some one gone for aid ?
Thank Heaven ! he moves : dear father, I am here,
Close to your side ; could I but hear your voice !
To see you suffer thus, and I without
The knowledge or the means to give relief,
Is torture.
Her. Eva?
Eva. Here, my father, here !
How fare you now, sir ? Oh ! you're sadly hurt !
Her. It may be to the death, and better thus, perhaps,
Than linger here ; but I have that to say,
Or hope may never dawn upon my soul,
Which must outstrip the messenger of fate.
Leave us good friends, awhile, the shock has passed.
[*Exeunt all but* HERMANN *and* EVA.
Her. Are we alone, dear Eva ?
Eva. Yes, my father.
Her. No, no ! I must not hear that name, again.
Eva. Alas!
His sense is wandering.
Her. Stay Eva, stay !
And hear me. This is no delirium,
Yet a fierce soul-pang that torments me more
Than mortal anguish ; and whate'er my doom,
Be it to die or live, I must reveal
The guilty secret but too long concealed !
A secret, Eva, which will change the love
And honor you have ever borne for me,
Into contempt and hate !
Eva. Ah ! never, never !
Her. Not when I tell you they were won by stealth !
Filched from the rightful owner, and usurped
Most impudently !
Eva. Heaven avert this frenzy !
Her. It is the truth !—the unavailing truth—
Not frenzy, but the fear-extorted truth !
Tardy contrition ! and the hopeless hope
To lessen the vast burthen that my soul
Takes with it. Eva, *I am not your father !* [EVA *starts.*
Well may you start and look aghast !
But check reproach 'till you have learnt all.
In childhood you were trusted to the care
Of my lost wife, who at the same time nursed
A daughter, so like you, it was a marvel
Even to ourselves. One fatal day,
Your mother came, and on my daughter lavished
All her tenderness. From that time forth,
By bad ambition urged we helped the cheat,
Until, in lieu of thee, my child went forth,
To deck, as I, in my blind folly thought,

A noble station; but just Heaven avenged
The wrong—she died in girlhood.
Eva. Be this true,
Or the confusion of a pain racked mind,
As most I judge, let it be secret still.
The parent, you have ever been—be yet,
The gentle counsellor and constant guide.
I'm still your daughter—for no trick of fate
Can rob thee of my heart's respect and love!
Her. Most injured one, your very excellence
Enforces me to this last act of justice—
Your nobleness of nature is not strange
Unto your state, for you are nobly born!
Eva. My father?
Her. Is the Baron Altenheim!—
The child he lost and mourned was mine!
You, his—so near him—often seen by him;
Oft noticed and caressed and yet unknown.
Now all is told. I dare not lift my eyes—
Can you forgive me for the wasted years,
And pleasures lost, that circle high estate?
Eva. Nay, rather bless thee! for my pleasures found,
And years remembered but as happy hours!
Her. I could have borne reproaches, looked for them—
But this great kindness only feeds remorse.
No more—I pray you speak no more—where are they?
Let them come near and bear me to my chamber.

[EVA *motions to* OTTO *and* HUNTSMEN, *who enter and bear off* HERMANN.

Eva. In one short moment what a startling change—
I am *his* equal then, in birth, his equal—
Back, back, presumptuous thought, and in the heart
That dared to send thee forth, lie closely prisoned,
Although thy dungeon be thy grave as well

Enter OTTO.

Good Otto is there hope?
Otto. Sweet mistress Eva!
There is more than hope—full certainty
That he will long outlive his hurts—
The leech is with him, and his words I echo.
I knew 'twould pleasure you to hear of this—
So came at once.
Eva. [*Shaking hands.*] I thank you, good kind friend!
Otto. I've touched her hand, and I'm all fire and ice,
From top to toe—she called me her kind friend!
There's no one near, such opportunity
Might never chance again—I'll take advantage
Of the present, and find out at once
If there's a spark of hope, it may enkindle!
Ah! sweet mistress Eva!

Eva. Otto, you here still?
Otto. Yes—no! I'm going now—I'm gone—good bye! [*Exit* Otto.
[Eva *regards him with astonishment.—Scene closes, &c.*

Scene II.—*A chamber at* Baron Altenheim's—Katrina *enters cautiously, goes to opposite wing and calls.*

Kat. Krabb!

Enter Krabb.

Hast seen the Dutchman?
Krabb. Aye, and sent him off
In a fool's paradise enwrapped, crammed full
Of hope, and all agog for enterprise.
Kat. And Sir Sciatica?
Krabb. Now waits his turn—
It's hardly worth one's while to cozen them;
The grossest coinage of a lie suffices
I'll bring his lordship. [*Exit* Krabb.
Kat. I'll give him his cue.
I dearly love to tickle these old trout—
To bob the fly before their antique jaws,
And watch 'em nibble at it—here he comes. [*Seats herself.*

Enter Krabb *conducting* Beaugargon. Krabb *approaches* Katrina *as though he supposed it was* Lady Ida.

Krabb. Please you, my lady, here's the Chevalier,
To tender you his thanks for thy sweet message
Kat. How?
Krabb. Law! look you there, now—why, 'tis Katrina!
I thought it was my lady.—What a cheat!
Chev. B. Well, so it is!—and such a flusterment
As I've been in for nothing;—'pon my life
I never felt so frightened, since at school
I bungled at three syllables, with sure
Anticipation of the rod.
Krabb. Is my lady absent, Katrina?
Katrina. Why, don't you see she is?
Chev. B. I'm glad of that;—I would not see her now,
While this loud-ticking heart of mine doth beat
My coward ribs.
Krabb. Left she no message for us?
Katrina. What's that to thee? [*To* Beaugargon.] She has, but such a one
As 'twere high treason 'gainst true love to breathe
In any ears but thine.
Chev. B. Nay, say'st thou so?
Krabb, my good lad, retire—I want some talk
With Katrina alone! *alone!* do'st hear?—*Alone!*
Krabb. I hear, most noble—[*Lowering his voice*]—piece of puffed-up froth,

Antique youth, and wire-drawn agility. [*Bows with mock reverence.*

Chev. B. Enough of compliment,—Begone!

[KRABB *and* KATRINA *exchange glances.—Exit* KRABB.

Chev. B. And, now,
Sweet Katrina, for thy enchanting lay,
More ravishing to my expectant ears
Than songs of Sirens or Arcadian pipes,
Or all the music of the voiceful skies
When feathered choirs, in emulation, strain
Their swelling throats to hail the birth of Spring.

Katrina. Well may'st thou be enraptured:—listen!—Stay—
Be sure there's no one near—[*Looks cautiously around—mysteriously.*]
The merchant's lost!
His heart returned upon his hands as useless ware,
Himself and his Dutch courtesy pack'd up
And sent, perchance, to furnish speculation
To the scared natives of some Flemish dyke.

Chev. B. We've conquered.—Hem! I knew it would be so—
How could't be otherwise? The gross Flemish boor,
To dare contend with me, in lists of love!
Proceed!—Proceed!

Katrina. Her father still affects the Dutchman.

Chev. B. Her father! Pooh! Who cares what he affects?
Is't not into a sort of proverb grown,
That fathers will run counter to young hearts
When they do throb in unison? We'll cheat him,
Katrina, we'll run away with her.

Katrina. The very thing—the time, to-morrow night.—
One will be watching for thee here—thou canst
Not guess the one.

Chev. B. Oh, yes, I can!—Thou jade—
Thou capital, cozening jade!

Katrina. You flatter, sir.

Chev. B. No, no.—To-morrow night?

Katrina. As near to ten as you can come;
We'll find you a disguise.

Chev. B. My ardent soul rejoices in the thought
To-morrow night.—Oh! for to-morrow night!
Kind Phaeton, snatch thy father's reins again
And lash along the lazy-moving sun!
To-morrow night! 'Twill be a year—an age
Until it come.

Katrina. Take my advice:—go home
And call on sleep—a better charioteer
Than any of your heathens, to drive time.

Chev. B. Sleep! dost thou think that sleep shall dare
To kill one moment of the intervening space,
So full of precious expectation? No!
I'll wander forth—and in the cold moon's ray,
My youthful ardor for a time allay. [*Exit* BEAUGARGON, KATRINA *laughs.*

Enter LADY IDA.

Katrina. Pardon, my lady, this unruly mirth,
But both your suitors have been here, and both
Most exemplary swains. You should have seen
With what a pious indignation each
Did, in his turn, elevate his eyes
At t'other's knavery ; how, in a breath
The act was scouted, and the bribe bestowed.
I've heard of such convenient consciences,
But never put them to the proof before.

Lady Ida. Oh, Katrina, this hollow world teems
With such as those—self-flatterers who think
That to discover vice in others is
To prove themselves most virtuous.

Enter KRABB.

Krabb. A messenger
My lady, from Count Lindorff.

Lady Ida. Let him be admitted. [*Exit* KRABB *and* KATRINA.
From Count Lindorff ! Now, kind fate,
Forbid another plague in suitor shape.

Enter BERTHA, *as a Page.*

Advance, young sir ; what is thy master's suit ?

Bertha. A love suit, lady.

Lady Ida. And to me ?

Bertha. To thee.

Lady Ida. He dares not.

Bertha. Yes, he dares.

Lady Ida. Thou'rt saucy, sir.

Bertha. Nay, 'tis the simple truth, sweet lady ; here's
The proof. [*Gives letter*—IDA *takes and reads it.*
Smooth introduction, that, methinks.
[*Aside, watching* LADY IDA.] She reads !
Now, fortune—ha ! the color mounts
Into her very brow, she's in a rage—
A hearty rage, and chafes at every word.
How her lips quiver, and her eyes dilate
With scorn. Were she a man, now, how she'd swear !

Lady Ida. Impertinent !

Bertha. [*Aside.*] I am not sure she won't ;
As 'tis, my life upon't she tears the letter up.
[IDA *tears and throws letter on ground.*
I knew she would !—there's small affection there.

Lady Ida. Is't come to this ; that I am to be made
The mark for every witless fool to fling
His folly at ? Must old and young conspire
To gall me by this marriage-mongering ?
Better to be set up for sale at once,

Priced by the public valuer, and so
To the highest bidder be consigned,—
Drawn for by lots, or else chance-husbanded
By throwing of the dice—I'll not endure it—
The convent first.

Enter BARON ALTENHEIM.

Baron A. Why, what means this storm?
Lady Ida. Another insult, sir!
Baron A. Insult! From whence?
Lady Ida. From the Count Lindorff.
Baron A. Ha! Durst he presume
[BARON *picks up pieces of letter, puts them together and reads.*
Bertha. 'Tis Eva's father; there's no need of proof
When Nature gives such living evidence.
Baron A. Why this is an offer of his hand, my child.
An offer of marriage from Count Lindorff;—
No empty title, but one garnished well
With worth and wealth, two opposites that meet
But rarely, let me tell thee, in one man.
Thou wouldst be mad to treat this slightingly.
Lady Ida. How can I answer thee! I cannot bear
The thought of wedlock; yet, my better part
Would fain obey thee as a daughter should—
Thou would'st not have me wed, and know
That in that act I gave away my peace.
Baron A. When will this obstinacy have an end?
Too long a time I've bowed to thy caprice,
I'll answer for thee, now, myself—nor dare
To anger me by contradiction. [*To* BERTHA.] Sir,
Be this thy answer—that the Lady feels
Much honored by his Lordship's preference,
And doth accept this proffer of his hand,
Whereof, in token, she sends back this glove.
[*Giving one of* IDA'S *groves.*
Lady Ida. A fair betrothal! You may bind my hand
To slavery, but mark me, I'll soon rend
My fetters off. Look to it, sir—
When you bestow my hand
It carries with it all a daughter's love. [*Exit* IDA.
Baron A. How am I tortured by this wilful child!
Let there but be the semblance of restraint,
Her haughty soul doth spurn it instantly.
Of this I am resolved—she *shall* be his.
Bertha. Thy daughter shall!
Baron A. If fortune help me!
Bertha. We've no need of her—
I'll promise that, if I will do as well.
Baron A. How's this!
Bertha. Nay, more, I'll undertake that both

Shall be of one contented mind thereat,
Let me but have some speech with her alone
Baron A. With all my soul—if this you can achieve
By short of magic means, I'll bless your skill
And shall reward it with an ample gift.
Bertha. The magic of strange circumstance has given me
A power more strong than cabalistic art
Could e'er bestow, through which I promise you
A day of joy will counterbalance all
Of gloom that adverse fortune may have sent.
I have a story for your ear alone,
Will much amaze you—wilt thou hear it now?
Baron A. At once, boy, if it tells of good.
Bertha. It does.
Baron A. So much of ill hath happed in my dark life,
I dare not hope for brighter fortune now.
Bertha. Sir, you may hope the brightest, give your thought
Free scope, and let it mount on expectation,
'Till it overtops your highest wish, you'll find
Reality will soar as far above it
As Heaven's beyond the stars.
Baron A. You stop my breath:
What can it be that you have knowledge of?
Attend me to my library—at once
I'll test your power.
Bertha. Sir, I follow.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Wood—set tree with practicable branch.*

Enter OTTO, *with Rope.*

Otto. Oh me! that ever I should live to pump up so much miserable vapor—my heart is drowned in grief, and I'm weary of carrying about the dead lump; the entertaining of a mortal love is but self-killing at the best—the longer it's a doing the worse the crime;—here's my friend in this extremity—hemp is your speediest love cure; yonder's the nag and this is the stirrup that shall in an instant bear me further than the fleetest steed could compass—even from life into death, from somewhere into nowhere. Eva! sweet Eva! 'tis for thee I take the ride. [*Adjusts Rope.*

Enter BERTHA.

Bertha. I've told the Baron all I overheard
Confessed by my repentant father,
And in his extacy of new found joy
Ensured forgiveness.—Speed I with the Count
As well, my toil will be repaid. Ah! here's
Some work to do, upon mine own account.
How now, friend Otto, what employment's this?

Otto. You're well encountered, boy, for you can bear
To her I love too much, my last adieu.
Bertha. What mean you?
Otto. Just substantially to hang
Myself and sorrows upon yonder branch.
Bertha. To what wise woman, pray, do you bequeath
Such foolish legacy?
Otto. To your sweet sister, Eva.
Take to her, boy—my last of love and life.
Bertha. Truly, a pair of comfortable gifts
To a live woman, and conclusive proof
That she who scorned them both, when they were at
Their greatest worth to you or any else,
Held estimation of their proper value.
Go on and hang, then,—I'll stay here the while
To see how sensibly a fool can die.
Otto. The world holds nothing I can live for now
Bertha. Nevertheless, 'twill merrily revolve,
Although the lives of all its simpletons
Were added to your own, nay, shout with glee
To be thus easily discumbered of
So valueless a load. Hang! Otto, hang!—
I'll fix the rope; and yet, there's one I know
Would fain provide you with a different noose.
Otto. There's one you know—who, pray?
Bertha. No matter who.
Be quick and hang yourself; the rope is ready.
If you're so blind as not to see—be blind
For ever, ere I let one streak of light
Across your dull mental vision; better hang
It may be, that you'd rather die alone—
Well, be it so; but mind and do it thoroughly.
Don't think of sneaking back again to life:
I may's well tell you, though, before you go,
There *is* a heart within the neighborhood
Leans somewhat toward you, in despite of all
Your folly.—To be frank with you, *I've* done
My very best to quench the growing flame,
But I'm afraid without avail.
Otto. You're very kind;
And by what right did you, sir, interfere.
Bertha. A brother's right—Ah, me! what have I said?
I don't mean that——
Otto. You do, you do,—'tis Bertha
Who affects me! is it not? You can't say no?
You're blushing, boy. I've found your secret out.
Confess it!
Bertha. Promise me, you will not hint
A word to her, or speak to me again
Upon this subject; it was very wrong

In me, and most unbrotherly. I am the last
One in the world who should have spoken thus.
Forget it, Otto, and go hang in quiet! [*Exit* BERTHA.

Otto. [*Throws away Rope.*] Friend Otto, be not offended if I call thee fool—a foggy brained—and most sandsighted fool—that such a love should be extant, and thou not instinctively to know it; talk no more of hanging—hie thee to verse-making, and let the sprightly Bertha be the subject. Go grief, come joy! and let the world go hang. Otto! sweet friend Otto! thou ne'er shalt dangle to the tune of "Cruel Fair One." [*Exit* OTTO.

SCENE II.—*A Garden.*

Enter BERTHA.

Bertha. Now for his silent lordship: if this spell
Don't bring him to his voice, I'll plot no more,
But sit me down in quietness at home
A model of contented spinsterhood—
Make patchwork, read good books, rail night and day
At all the neighborhood,—keep noisy birds,
To scream at every passer-by, and pet
Unsightly dogs for pastime. What do I see?
The Count and Eva, as I live—and in
Discourse. Am I forestalled? They come this way.
Has the ice melted? I believe it has.
I must stretch courtesy, and hear their talk
This time I'll warrant, I'll be well assured
Of a good footing ere I step between them. [*Retires behind Arbor.*

Enter COUNT LINDORFF *and* EVA.

Count L. Turn not away, dear Eva, but believe
That the avowal I have just now made
Of true regard and more than friendly interest,
Springs not from sudden passion or caprice,
But is of slow and well-considered growth;
Admitted, I own, reluctantly at first,
From day to day resisted and contemned,
And yet, despite of all antagonism,
Pride worldliness, or self, arrayed against it,
Still here the sturdy seedling grew and grew,
Until it's clinging tendrils now entwine
Among the very fibres of my heart.

Eva. My lord, you do forget your state, or mine,
If not the honor that belongs to both—
However lowly one, or high the other.

Count L. By honor's self, I have no thought of thee
In any wise, but with pure honor blent.

Eva. I cannot, dare not listen to the words
Which, answer as I may, would but impugn
That proper pride and maidenly restraint,

Whose diminution in the smallest part
Imperils self-respect. Leave me, my lord,
I do entreat, or suffer me to go.
Should any see this interview, what base
Surmise might not result; when slanderous tongues
Conjoin estates so far apart as ours,
The shame clings ever to the weaker side.
Count L. Doubt not my truth and honesty of purpose.
For here in all sincerity of soul,
And in the devotion of an earnest love,
That would ensaint its idol, not debase it,
I woo you for my wife!
Bertha. It 's time for me
To interfere. [*Advances.*
Count L. Why this intrusion, sir?
Bertha. Simply, my lord, that finding you were not
Within your chamber, I made bold to break
Upon your recreation, as I thought
'Twould pleasure you to hear what full success
Has crowned your marriage offer.
Eva. Ah! the shame
I dreaded, has arrived most suddenly!
My heart is stricken, Max!
Bertha. Not Max! look closer.
Eva. Bertha, what wonder 's this?
Bertha. Hush—hold your tongue—
My lord, you are accepted.
Count L. Boy, 'tis false!
Bertha. Behold the proof, my lord, this dainty glove!
Her ladyship, I must confess, did storm,
When first I placed your letter in her hand—
But soon, by my persuasion, she was urged,
Backed by her father's counsel, to agree,
And now, without regret or scruple, waits
To help on the fulfilment of your hopes.
Count L. Oh! fate, oh, cruel unexpected fate! [*Throws down glove.*
Bertha. Is 't thus, my lord, you use a lady's gage?
Eva. Bertha! what mystery is this? I sink
With apprehension!
Bertha. Don't you interfere—
You lack the confidence that brings success;
I'll play your game out to the end;
You're welcome to the stakes when I have won—
Some animals from opposition move,
And man the foremost.
Count L. What is to be done?
That offer was but sent in desperation—
Not, as I live, from any thought of love,
Or even liking, but to try and force
Your image from my mind, that I was told

Might not be suffered to remain with honor—
Fool that I was! dear Eva, counsel me!
Bertha. My lord, what answer am I to take back?
Count L. I will send none! away!
Bertha. Her father, yet,
Will hold you to your proffer, be assured,
Or else demand a large equivalent
In case of forfeiture—he told me so.
Count L. Let him take all, so he but free me from
The net in which I have so foolishly
Enmeshed myself.
Bertha. He bade me ask you, too,
If you will honor him to-morrow eve,
With your fair company at his chateau?
It rests with you, my lord, to name
The happy day!
Count L. That day shall never come!
Bertha. Ah yes, my lord,
It will.
Count L. You're saucy, sir.
Bertha. Pray pardon me, my dear and honored lord,
If I exceed my duty, but I speak the truth:
You'll visit him to-morrow eve!
Count L. I will—
But not in the quality that he affects!
Eva, look up, my life, the die is cast—
Pride, conquered, lies beneath the foot of love!
Birth, station, heritage, the useless forms
And gauds of accidental greatness, all
Before the radiance of thy inborn nobleness,
Vanish like morning shadows! Come, beloved—
Bertha. [*Interposes.*] Not yet, my lord! your lordship's word is pledged
Unto another, be that bond redeemed
Or not, with humbleness I do submit,
One courtship at a time is quite sufficient—
Methinks your lordship's hands are full already;
If you come free from this entanglement
Alive—the Baron is a doughty swordsman—
My sister, if she can entrust such fickleness,
May listen to your suit; of this be sure,
No kin of mine I'll own her, if she do.
Count L. Thy disrespect shall not 'scape punishment.
Bertha. I shall prepare me for my due reward,
And that you may invent some torture
For me, I tell you now, you ne'er shall wed
My sister!
Count L. Who shall prevent it?
Bertha. I shall!
Yes, I! most high and mighty, there's a bar

In nature, prithee, see his color fly!
Count L. I'll not believe it! Ah! you smile, dear Eva!
[*Going towards her*, BERTHA *takes her hand.*
Bertha. Enough my lord, until you are released—
To-morrow eve I'll make my saying good
Before the Baron's self, and likewise prove
How loose your Countship is in promises.
Count L. I'll meet thee and confound thee. Eva dear!
Heed not his words, for I am thine alone,
Whatever may betide—my love—my wife! [*Exit.*
Bertha. Fine words, my lord! Nay, Eva dear, look up!
Love, in that cross-grained contradiction, man,
Is like a river, if the channel's smooth,
It lazily flows on with scarce a sound;
But place an obstacle within its path,
And mark then how it roaring circles round it.
Believe me, 'tis good judgment in such case,
To make success not altogether sure,
For easy conquests are but slightly prized.
Be not afraid to trust me, I know all;
My sister now in love and friendship only—
I've seen your father, Eva, and to mine
Brought back the balm that heals both mind and body,
Even his full forgiveness for the rest—
Be ruled by me and all will yet be well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An apartment in the Chateau of Altenheim.*

Enter BEAUGARGON *and* KATRINA.

Chev. B. It wants some minutes of the hour, sweet Katrina,
But my impatient love outstript the time.
Am I still happy?—Holds she yet her mind?
Katrina. As firm as ever!—as she was resolved before,
She is to-night, and shall for ever be.
But you were wrong to come so soon—she's not
Prepared quite yet, and you must be content
To take your station in this closet here,
While I acquaint her that you have arrived.
When you shall hear her clap her hands thrice, thus,
Then bear away the meed of your brave enterprise.
Chev. B. Be sure I will, thou harbinger of joy;
My heart is overflowing with delight—
Let me embrace thee, Katrina, and pay
The debt I owe thee with a loving kiss.
Katrina. Nay, I'll remain your creditor; to your hiding-place!
If aught occur to mar this, for my mistress' sake,
You will be silent as a lover should.
Chev. B. I promise.
Katrina. Hark! I hear a noise. In—in!
[*Exit* CHEV. B. *into closet.*
Here comes the other, I must not be seen. [*Exit* KATRINA.

Enter MYNHEER, *following* KRABB.

Myn. Good Krabb.
Krabb. Hush! not so loud!
'Tis early, and the house is all astir.
Myn. I'll be as soft as a bird-stealing puss,
If that be true you tell me, that to-night
Rewards my persevering love.
Krabb. Be sure
I have not falsely said. Yon chamber door,
[*Points to closet where* CHEV. B. *is concealed.*
Oh! happy Dutchman, hides the form of one
Whose only wish is to *possess thy love.*
Myn. And this thou'lt swear?
Krabb. By every Saint I know.
Myn. Good Krabb! Sweet Krabb! The signal—boy, what is it?
Krabb. Thrice clap your hands.
Myn. I'll do it instanter.
Krabb. No!
First, you must be quite sure the coast is clear.
When you observe, through yonder open window
My right hand held up, thus, then do not fear
An interruption, but release yon flutterer. [*Exit* KRABB.
Myn. Away! away! be quick!
Oh! precious chamber, casket that contains
A priceless jewel, a carbuncle rare,
A pearl, not all the princes of the East
Can parallel. [*Gives signal.*] Now,
Come forth, my love!
[MYNHEER *claps his hands three times, and* BEAUGARÇON *rushes from the closet into his arms.*
Chev. B. My love! my life!
Myn. What brought this old fool here? Go home,
And seek among your relatives for one
To tend that spare anatomy; a nurse
You may bribe, by prospective legacy,
To swathe your brittleness in cozey wool,
And feed your second childhood with its pap.
Chev. B. If thou dost speak to me in such a strain,
Beware my anger, sir; I wear a sword.
Myn. So, so, Sir Hercules, what would you give
Could you but have a lion now to rend?
Pray, calm your rage; if thus you blow and fume,
You'll put your little spark of life clean out.
Chev. B. Draw, *draw!* thou bloated dyke-born bull-frog, draw,
Or I'll enfranchise the imprisoned breath
That gasps within yon citadel of fat.
Myn. Nay, don't provoke me, or I'll puff you out,
I will—or, put some pungent powder in your nose,
And make you sneeze yourself to pieces;

You wretched rag and remnant of a man,
You bundle of loose bones wrapped up in parchment—
But, I'll be merciful:—to put you out
Of misery at once, thou vain antiquity,
Know I am by appointment here.
Chev. B. And so am I.
Myn. Impossible!
Chev. B. Nay, sir, it is the fact.
And here comes one who will attest the truth
Of what I say.

Enter KRABB—*rushes down to* MYNHEER.

Krabb. In, Mynheer, in!—How's this? The Chevalier here!
Then take my word there's roguery afloat
[*To* BEAU.] How gained you entrance, sir?
Chev. B. Why, Katrina——
Krabb Well, if I didn't think so! What a world is this!
Chev. B. Why, you yourself——
Krabb. When folly 'tis to trust
To any thing that breathes and owns a tongue.
Chev. B. You can't deny——
Krabb. Nay, 'tis too late for words;
I came to tell the Mynheer, that my lady
Is with her father, now, in great discourse,
Pleading the cause, 'twould seem, of one of ye
But which, I know not.
[*Making sign to* BEAUGARGON, *who returns it significantly.*
Nor can guess. [*Making sign to* MYNHEER.
Myn. Hem! Good!
Chev. B. [*Aside.*] Poor Dutchman.
Krabb. Hark! they're coming this way—in.
Chev. B. Let us be friends whatever may occur.
Myn. With all my heart—I bear you no ill-will.
[*Aside.*] Poor foolish atom! when he finds it out.
[*Exit*, MYNHEER, *into closet.*
Chev. B. [*Laughing.*] Unhappy Dutchman! how he will be cozened.
[*Exit* BEAUGARGON *into opposite closet.*
Krabb. [*Laughing heartily.*] May my next post be handmaid to the whip
If I don't reverence those antique noodles,
They hug their cozenage with such good nature.

Enter BARON ALTENHEIM *and* LADY IDA. KRABB *signs to* LADY IDA *that they are in closets, and then exits.*

Baron A. Cheer thee, my child! kind fate hath scattered all
The heavy clouds that hemmed me round, and turned
To blackest night the noonday of my life.
The sun of joy rebeams upon my heart,
Giving sweet promise of a tranquil eve.
Lady Ida. My father, from my soul I bless the chance,

Whate'er it be, that brings thee back content.
Wilt urge no more this hated marriage?
Baron A. But why this great repugnance?
Lady Ida. Is it strange
That I should hate that merchant, one
Who speaks per invoice, and sets down his sighs
To count up the sum total of his love?
One who would measure his affection out
By rules of traffic—horridly afraid
Of overweight;—one whose religion 'tis
From all he touches to extract a profit.
What store, then, could he set upon a wife?
Baron A. But in the other there's no taint of trade,
Since thou dost honest enterprise profane
By such a thought; to me 'tis nobler far
By peaceful industry to raise a name
That should in after ages live, revered
For deeds of gentleness and mild humanity,
Than in the blood of fellow-men to write
The records of a title won by strife.
Beaugarçon's noble—what say you to him?
Lady Ida. He's much indebted to his title, sir.
It lends him honor that he pays not back.
Unto the prowess of some dead man's arm,
Some rich man's purchase, or some wise man's meed,
He owes his station—not his own desert.
He's not the noble substance, honor fraught,
But the poor shadow at its furthest verge.
Baron A. Does your distaste extend to all the sex?
Lady Ida. To all.
Baron A. Like other railers, you may meet
One yet, who will revenge his fellow-men.
I'll find one for thee.
Lady Ida. Then thou'lt have to seek
Thro' all the other planets, for this earth
Contains him not. Forgive my waywardness,
And let me deem myself impregnable
To all but filial love; or, if thou wilt
Divide a heart which now is all thine own,
Let him, who shares it, be, at least, a man!
Baron A. The treasure of such love will make me miser
And wish to keep thee ever to myself. [*Exit* Baron *and* Ida.

Enter Beaugargon *and* Mynheer *from closets; they look at each other foolishly.*

Chev. B. I never liked her much.
Myn In truth, nor I.
Chev. B. Were she a queen, I wouldn't wed with her.
Myn. Who would with such a dainty tongue? Not I.
Chev. A. To cast a slur on my nobility.

Myn. My honorable calling to abuse.
Chev. B. She called me *shadow!*
Myn. And me, *profit-seeker!*
Chev. B. "*Shadow! Poor Shadow!*" Were she but a man,
I'd make a shade of her to show how much
I am a shadow.

Enter KRABB, *suppressing his laughter.*

Ha! come here, thou knave,
Thou lying, cheating knave, upon thy knee.
Myn. And quickly, too, for you'll have little shrift.
Krabb. Good sirs! good sirs! (Why did'st not see her drift?
[*Aside to* BEAUGARÇON] Let me get him away, I'll tell you all.)
[*Aside to* MYNHEER.] Is't possible you could not fathom the deceit?
'Twas only done to blind her father.
Myn. No?
Krabb. [*Aside to* MYNHEER.] As I'm an honest man, hie to her now,
And if she be alone, no listener near
To drink up the avowal of her love,
You'll find out whether I speak truth or not.
Myn. [*Aside to* KRABB.] Well, I did think 'twas something of the kind;
I'll seek her out, good Krabb; keep him in talk,
That I may unobserved steal out. [*Exit* MYNHEER.
Krabb. [*To* BEAU.] 'Tis done!
His heart is broken past all remedy;
And see, how like a cur that fears the lash,
He sneaks away and leaves the field to thee.
Chev. B. And so he does, then I'm the favored one.
Krabb. Did'st ever doubt it?
Chev. B. I can't say I did.
I'll to her now, at once.
Krabb. No, be advised:
Wait till you see an opportunity
To find her quite alone; then never fear,
But boldly calculate upon her favor.
Chev. B. I'll hover near her all the live-long day!
I never saw it in this light before—
It stands to reason that no modest maid
Would care to have her tender feelings breathed
In any ear, except the one beloved.
[*Exit* BEAUGARÇON.—*Enter* KATRINA.—KRABB *and* KATRINA *laugh heartily as Curtain descends.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Handsome Apartment in* BARON ALTENHEIM'S *Chateau.*

Flourish of trumpets—Enter BARON'S *household, and array themselves on either side.—Enter* COUNT LINDORFF.

Baron. My lord, let me express the joy I feel
At greeting thus thyself and thy design.
Count L. Give o'er this welcome, sir; I am not come
In quality to warrant such respect.
May I beseech you to dismiss your suite?
[BARON *waives off retinue. They exeunt.*
Baron. Now, Count, what means this strange behavior?
Come you not hither to redeem your gage,
And ratify the proffer of your hand
Contained within this paper? Is it not
Your signature, my lord?
Count L. Alas! it is;
But drawn from me by most intemperate heat
And cruel misconception. Hear me, sir,
I love another; and 'twas in despair,
For that I thought her lost to me forever,
Scarce knowing what I did, I penned
That fatal offer.
Baron. How, sir! Have a care,
Though old, I have sufficient manhood left
To guard my child from insult. I do know
Thy fair enthraller—is she not a serf?
Count L. Sir, she's a woman, and possesses all
A woman's perfectness.
Baron. Thou wilt not wed her?
Count L. Aye, by the deep devotion of my love!
And glory more in making her my wife
Than if she could command a throne.
Baron. Young sir,
You'll have to answer this in such a way
As you but little dream of.
Count L. I'm content.
Baron. Here comes my child! Wilt keep to thy resolve,
And in her presence give up blood and wealth,
And link thee with a slave and poverty?
Thou'rt silent.
Count L. Silent, sir, but not from shame.
Before the assembled state, I would declare
My fixed determination; but, would fain
Thy daughter save from such indignity.
Baron. Not so—she must her own dismissal hear,
If thou wilt so transgress the laws of honor.
[*Enter Lords, Ladies, Servants, and Retainers, then* EVA, *in a bridal dress—veiled.*

Count L. [*As they enter*] Eva, dear Eva! 'tis thy influence
That calms my rising anger, and controls
The fierce resentment kindling in my breast.
I will yet bear for thy dear sake—no taunt
Shall force me to forget—I've given all
Thought, word, and action—life and soul to thee!
Baron. Come, child, and greet your lordly suitor—see
Where he stands—how like an ardent swain
He longs to rush into your arms. Behold!
What evidence his burning cheek now gives
Of his intense affection. Mark him well,
For he's no common suitor. *He* seeks not
For love; but for its opposite, my child,
And doth refuse thee—casts thee off—proclaims
And glories in his love for some vile serf,
Some low-born minion, shame to his high state.
Count L. My lord, I cannot hear such language held,
Of *her*, for whom alone I live and breathe.
I would have spared your daughter this discourtesy;
But you enforce it from me. Listen, sir:—
Hid in obscurity, I chanced to find
A jewel of such sovereign brilliancy,
To rarest gems it was itself a gem!
Would'st value most the precious jewel,
Or the accidental place wherein 'twas found?
She whom I love is poor in worldly store,
But rich in gifts which heaven alone bestows.
Baron A. Then you've resolved to give my daughter up?
You shall not, if there be but strength in love.
Count L. 'Tis strength of love that forces me away;
And so, farewell, my lord, and you fair lady,
May you meet one more worthy of your choice. [*Going.*
Eva. Kind heaven, forbid!
Count L. That voice! Who speaks?
What phantasy is this? No tongue but one
Could fall upon my heart with such a thrill!
[*To* BARON.] I note your looks—there is some mystery—
Expound it quick!—'tis not a fatal one,
Or else your eye dissembles. Answer me,
Was that your daughter's voice?
Baron A. It was.
Count L. Alas!
Then new-born hope is stifled in its birth,
And yet, my pulse beats with a joyous throb.
[*To* EVA.] Thou hast her form and voice; hast thou, perchance,
Her face as well? But no, both voice and form
May find their counterpart, but not her face.
Eva. And yet, they tell me I am somewhat like her.
Count L. Impossible! Thy tongue hath lost its charm
For lending speech unto such vanity. Farewell.

Eva. [*Unveiling.*] Judge for thyself.
Count L. Oh, heaven! 'tis she—'tis she!
Eva indeed! And yet, how came you here?
In this attire, and in such noble state?
I cannot fancy 'tis reality,
But a sweet dream, that witches thus my sense—
I fear to touch thee, lest the blissful spell
Should in the act be broken.
Eva. Nay, venture near, you'll find I am no shadow,
But am, indeed, what thou dost think—
Eva—much changed in *outward* form, 'tis true,
But still in heart the same.
Count L. [*Embracing her.*] My precious love!
Oh! happiness beyond the reach of words—
I scarce can speak—or think—my very sense,
In sweet confusion, reels within my brain—
And, in the mazy labyrinth of joy,
Can find, as yet, no point of certainty;
I will not ask how Fortune hath achieved
This blessed ending—but whate'er thou art,
Noble or Serf, here, in the face of all,
I proffer thee my heart and title, prouder far
To call thee by the loving name of wife,
Than were I now to be enthroned an Emperor.
Baron A. Thus ever may disinterested love
Meet due reward. Count, from my hand receive
A noble bride, and one with dower as rich
As Germany can boast: and, be assured,
That marriage gives best promise of content
Whose rights are hallowed by a father's prayers.
Count L. Her father! Thou?
Baron A. Aye, Count, her loving father,
Twice blessed by heaven through her sweet means—
First in her birth, and now, oh! greater boon,
In finding her restored to these fond arms!
The strange recital you shall know anon.
Receive, and cherish her with tenderest care,
For on her happiness doth hang my life.
Count L. And mine—and mine! Ah! bounteous, priceless gift!
Beloved one—thou knowest not half the joy
That, like the music of Seraphic tongues,
Now thrills through every sense—for thou art mine! [*They retire up.*

Enter LADY IDA—*and* BERTHA (*in female attire,*) *at back.*

Baron A. But where's this malapert young page? he said
He should be here.
Lady Ida. And so he is, dear father.
Baron A. Where?
Bertha He's here, my lord.
Count L. What, Bertha! thou the page?

Bertha. The Baron's daughter do you still reject?
You keep your word, of course, and wed *my* sister.
Who can believe the promise of a man?
Eva. Dear Bertha!
Bertha. You have won the game, I see.
Baron A. And so you were the page?
Bertha. The husk of one,
And nothing more.
Count L. How can I recompense hee
Bertha. Favors are cancelled best when paid in kind.
I've helped you to a spouse, nor would I be
The usurer to ask one fraction more
Than I advanced.
Count L. Is it your wish to marry?
Bertha. How excellent you are, my lord, at guessing!
In finding out your heart, I somehow lost
My own—and 'twas a servitor of thine
Told where it was, who stooped and picked it up.
Count L. Hast his in lieu——
Bertha. I ne'er had rested else—
The knave demurred, but I enticed it from him.
Count L. I'll put no limit to your wish, be sure,
But portion you beyond the reach of care.
Baron. And let me add a vineyard on the Rhine;
Too slight return for all I owe to thee.
Bertha. My lords, my lords, that Otto were but by,
To see and hear the prize he's going to marry.
Yonder he lurks—ho! Otto—hang not back.

Enter OTTO.

Are you ashamed?
Otto. Faith, that I truly am.
Bertha. What sir, to claim the gift my brother promised?
Otto. Oh! no! were I assured he spoke the truth,
I'd be as bold as any man on earth,
But I am as it were in grievous doubt.
Bertha. Otto, hold up your head—without your knowledge
You have just reached your lucky time in life,
Nay, turned it, for within the last few minutes,
Fortune has blessed you with a coat of arms!
Otto. What does this mean?
Bertha. That you're a gentleman!
Otto. Am I, and by what right?
Bertha. By right of me,
And of your noble vineyard on the Rhine.
Speak I not truly, sirs?
Baron. The very truth.
Bertha. You're 'mazed! well, come, we'll feed your little brain
With a small meal of wonder at a time—
For present need, enough to know I've watched

Your simpleness of heart and like it—will you have me?—
What! not a word! do you refuse?
Otto. Oh, no!
But it's so sweet to dally with delight—
I but delayed a moment to enhance the bliss!
Just as one contemplates a savory morsel
With greedy eyes and mouth all watery,
Then gulps and swallows. [*Kisses her frantically.*
Bertha. Hold! Otto, hold!
Otto. I ne'er will let thee go,
From these my arms and this my constant heart.
Bertha. In sooth, the ice is broken with a vengence!
[*They retire.* BARON *and* LADY IDA *advance.*
Baron. What have you done with your besiegers, Ida?
Ida. Capitulated for an honorable peace—
The siege is raised, and each withdraws his force,
Upon condition that my heart remain
Neutral to both; and now of course, each claims
The victory for himself, and hopes in time
To wear me as his trophy.

Enter BEAUGARÇON, *with* KATRINA, *and* MYNHEER *with* KRABB.

Katrina. You're satisfied.
Chev. B. Distinctly. you were right.
I am the man—how much do I owe *you?*
Katrina. Oh, sir! whate'er your liberality suggests.
Chev. B. I shan't forget you, be assured.
Katrina. Nor I. [*They retire.*
[KRABB *to* MYNHEER] Hast seen her?
Myn. Yes, I have.
Krabb. And art content?
Myn. Beyond content, I'm in the very skies,
And you shall hear no more complaints from me.
Krabb. Then am I happy; I can't take reward—
Indeed, I cannot, sir, I have but done
My duty.
Myn. I did not intend——
Krabb. Forgetfulness.
I know you did not.
Myn. [*Giving money.*] You're a cunning rogue.
Krabb. You flatter me.
Katrina. [*To* BEAUGARÇON.] You said you owed me something, sir; might I presume to ask how much?
Chev. B. I see;
You're a right waiting-woman—there.
Katrina. Oh, thanks, my lord.
Baron A. [*To* MYNHEER.] You know my daughter's mind.
Myn. At last I do.
From her own mouth I ascertained this fact:
She hates Beaugarçon—what think you of that?

To me, 'twas all but the acknowledgment
Another had found favor in her sight. [*Retires*—BEAUGARÇON *advances.*
Baron A. How fares your wooing?
Chev. B. As I would desire—
All cloud and sunshine, like an April morn.
I do not court the dull monotony
Of a smooth, mawkish, easy acquiescence,
But love to have my spirits raised or sunk
By alternations of misdoubt and hope.
Hedges and ditches, to the man who hunts,
But lend increased excitement to the sport.
There's one thing certain, she detests the Dutchman—
She told me so, herself; and—there's a look—
That glance suffices me—I'll feed upon it,
Until sweet opportunity unseal her tongue. [*All down for tag.*
Otto. Dost think 'twas *fair* in thee, to court delay,
And keep thy secret for so long a day.
Baron A. Or *fair* to linger, when you could impart
One instant earlier, to this aged heart,
The bliss that now encircles it?
Lady Ida. Or *fair*
To mock me with a suitor? But I'll bear
My fate with fortitude.
Krabb. Or *fair* to plot
And deal in secrets?
Katrina. We discovered not.
Count L. Or *fair* to flutter my sweet timid dove
As you did, yesterday, with that same glove?
Bertha Oh, yes it was.
All. How so?
Bertha. "ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE."

CURTAIN.

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